

# THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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## THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Under this head, as being appropriate to the approaching season, we give the following, being an abridgement of a longer story, written, we believe, by Longfellow. It is true in its American conception, and harmonized from real life to the poetical moral beauty of the era with which it is associated. The scene is the country, but where the ground is laid we are not precisely informed: "The old homestead lies, on the map, in the heart of one of the early States of our dear American Union." This is sufficient. The story is national—at home everywhere through the broad country where the festival is kept. There is a negro woman in it, and that negro woman might have her home equally in South Carolina or Massachusetts. Two leading ideas must always govern the appropriate sentiments of thanksgiving day—the autumnal feeling of age, reverence, reminiscence, and the presence of the widest, most liberal benevolence and charity. These, with fitting accessories, the author has provided for in the person of an old man, called Sylvester, the patriarch of the family, who comes upon the scene connected with the old Revolutionary honors and the thorough Americanism of 100 years ago. This is in extreme age, but it is authorized by occasional examples of genuine American veterans. The story proceeds:

"I see the old patriarch seated in the porch of his country dwelling, like an ancient patriarch, in the calm of the morning. His broad-brimmed hat lies on the bench at his side, and his venerable white locks flow down his shoulders, which time, in one hundred seasons of battle and sorrow, of harvest and drought, of toil and death, in all his hardy wrestlings with old Sylvester, has not been able to bend. The old man's form is erect and tall, and lifting up his head to its height, he looks afar down the road which leads from his rural door, towards the city. He has kept his gaze in that direction for better than on hour, watching the approach of expected friends, old and young, and a mist has gradually crept upon his vision; objects begin to lose their distinctness; they grow dim or soften away like ghosts or spirits; the whole landscape melts gently into a pictured dew before him. Is the old man, who has kept it clear and bright so long, losing his sight at last, or is our common world already changing, under the old patriarch's pure regard, into the better, heavenly land?"

It seemed, indeed, on this calm morning in November, as if angels were busy about the old homestead, transforming all the old familiar things into something better and purer, touching them gently with a music and radiance caught from the very sky itself. As in the innocence of beauty, shrouded in sleep, dreams come to the eyelids which are the realities of the day, with a strange loveliness—the fair country lay as it were in a delicious dreamy slumber. The trees did not stand forth boldly with every branch and leaf, but rather seemed gentle pictures of trees; the birds sailed slowly to and fro on the air; there was no harshness in the low of the herds, no anger in the hoat of the sun, nor a sight nor a sound, near by nor far off, which did not partake of the holy beauty of the morning, nor sing, nor be silent, nor stand still, nor move, with any other than a gliding sweetness; and repose, or an under-tone which might have been the echo here on earth of a better sphere."

This character blends a vein of humorous charity, which is touching as it partakes somewhat of satire, while it is idealized into a picture of Christian benevolence. For example, there is a local colony of thriftless Africans in the neighborhood, idle, improvident, and earning but little—"a settlement of colored people, who lived from hand to mouth, and seemed to be fed, like

the ravens fed Elijah, by some mysterious Providence." At this critical moment, on the eve of Thanksgiving, a descent is made upon the poultry, and some of the richest of the feathered spoil carried into captivity. Great is the family consternation, and hence the kitchen investive; but the old man has an amiable solicitude for the colony of "niggers" on the hill. They were a severe kind of test of his benevolence. The theft is un-nounced:

"This is all our own fault," said old Sylvester. "We should have remembered this was thanksgiving time, and sent them something suitable to the season. Poor creatures, I always wondered how they got along! Send 'em some bread, Mopsey, (the colored cook,) for they can never do anything with fowls without bread!"

"Send 'em some bread!" Mopsey rejoined, growing blacker and more ugly of look as she spoke: "Send 'em whips, and an osler of the law? They have taken the four fittest of the coop!"

"Never mind," said old Sylvester.

"And six of the tenderest young 'uns!"

"Never mind that!" said old Sylvester.

"I'd have 'em all in the county jail before sundown," urged Mopsey.

"We have enough left for our own use, have we not, Mopsey?" continued the old patriarch.

"Yes, quite enough, Mas'r."

"Then," cried the old man, striking his staff on the ground with great vehemence, rising to his full height, and glowing like a furnace upon Mopsey, "Then I say send 'em some bread!" To which order old Benevolence added two of the best pies.

The sentiment of the season is brought to a full exhibition in the Thanksgiving Sermon, and in restitutions made, errors acknowledged, not forgetting the ever-to-be-remembered turkey and pumpkin-pie dinner.

### THE SERMON.

Some two or more centuries ago, our ancestors, (the preacher said,) finding themselves more comfortable in the wilderness of the new world, than they could have reasonably looked for, set apart a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for his manifold mercies. That day, God be praised, has been steadily observed throughout this happy land, by cheerful gatherings of families, and other festive and devotional observances, down to the present time. Our fathers covenanted, in the love of Christ, to cleave together as brethren, however hard the brunt of fortune might be. That bond still continues. We may not live, (he went on, in the very spirit and letter of the first thanksgiving discourse ever delivered amongst us,) as retired hermits, each in our own cell apart, nor aspire, like David, how liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother; we are in league together; we must stand and fall by one another. Is his labor harder than mine? Surely I must try to ease him. Is he deprived of comforts that I enjoy? Surely I must contribute to his enjoyment of the same blessings. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to the other; so that his wants must be my wants; his sorrows my sorrows; and his welfare my welfare; such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable, nay, heavenly, and is the only maker and conservator of churches and commonwealths. \* \* \*

Yes, we may have churches, schools, hospitals abounding—but these are mere bath and mortar, if we have not also, within our own hearts, a church where the pure worship ever goeth on, a school where the true knowledge is taught, a hospital, the door whereof standeth constantly open, into which our fellow-creatures are welcomed, and where their infirmities are cured for with all kindness and tenderness. If these be our inclinations this thanksgiving morning, let us be reasonably thankful. Let such as are in health be thankful for it; and such as are out of health be thankful that they are no worse. Let such as are rich be thankful for their wealth (if it hath been honestly come by,) and let such as are poor be thankful that they have no such charge upon their souls. Let old folks be thankful for their wisdom in knowing that young folks are fools; and let young folks be thankful that they may live to see the time when they may use the same privilege. Let lean folks be thankful for their spare ribs, which are not a burden to them, while fat folks may laugh at lean ones, and grow fatter. Let married folks be thankful for blessings both little and great; let bachelors and old maids be thankful for the privilege of kissing other folks' babies, and great good may it do them.

With what a glow of mutual friendship the quaint preacher was warming the plain old meeting-house on that thanksgiving day!

Finally, and to conclude, (he went on,)—Let no man look upon a turkey to-day, and say, "This also is vanity." What is the life of man without creature com-

forts? Despise not the day of small things, while there are pullets on the spit. Are not puddings made to be sliced, and pie-crust to be broken? Go thy ways, then, according to good sense, good cheer, good appetite, the governor's proclamation, and every other good thing under the sun; render thanks for all good things of this life, and good cookery among the rest; eat, drink, [not strong drink,] and be merry; make not a lean laudation of the bounties of Providence, but let a lively gusto follow a long grace. Feast thankfully, and feast hopefully; feast in good will to all mankind, Grahamsites included; feast in the full and joyous persuasion, that while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, dinner-time and supper-time, are not likely to go out of fashion; feast with exulting confidence in the continuance of cooks, kitchens and orthodox expounders of Scripture and the constitution in our ancient, blessed and prosperous commonwealth—feast, in short, like a good Christian, proving all things, relishing all things, hoping all things, expecting all things, and enjoying all things that are right and proper. Let a good appetite for dinner go hand in hand with a good mind for sound doctrine. Let us all be thankful that a gracious Providence hath furnished each and all with a wholesome and bountiful dinner this day; and, if there be any one not so furnished, let him now make it known, and we will instantly contribute thereto of our separate abundance. There are none who murmur—we all, therefore, have a thanksgiving dinner waiting for us; let us lie home cheerily, and in a becoming spirit of mirth and devotion partake thereof.

### A KITCHEN SCENE AT HOME.

If the quaint preacher had urged the rational enjoyment of the thanksgiving cheer from the pulpit, Mopsey labored with equal zeal at home to have it worthy of enjoyment. At an early hour she had cleared decks, and taken possession of the kitchen—kindling, with dawn, a great fire in the oven for the pies, and another on the hearth for the turkey. But it was from the oven, heaping it to the top with fresh relays of dry wood, that she expected the thanksgiving angel to walk in all his beauty and majesty. In performance of her duty, and from a sense only that there could be no thanksgiving without a turkey, she planted the tin oven on the hearth, spiced the gobbler, and from time to time, merely as a matter of absolute necessity, gave it a turn; but about the month of the great oven she hovered constantly, like a spirit—had her head in and out at the opening every other minute; and, when at last the pies were slid in upon the warm bottom, she lingered there regarding the change they were undergoing with the fond admiration with which a connoisseur in sunsets hangs upon the changing colors of the evening sky. The leisure this double duty allowed her was employed by Mopsey in searing away the poultry and idle young chickens which rushed in at the back entrance of the kitchen in swarms, while, upon the half door opening in front, the red rooster had mounted, and, with his head on one side, observed with a knowing eye all that went forward.

The highly colored picture of Warren at Bunker-Hill, writhing in his death-agony, on one wall of the kitchen, and General Marion feasting on a potato, in his tent, on the other, did not in the least attract the attention of Mopsey. She saw nothing but the pies and the turkey, and even for the moment neglected to puzzle herself, as she was accustomed to, in the puzzles of her daily labors, with the wonders and mysteries of an ancient dog-eared spelling-book which lay upon the smoky mantle.

### THE DINNER.

At length, was announced, and the captain, the great knife and fork in hand, was ready to advance.

"Stop a moment, Charley," said old Sylvester, "give us a moment to combat the turkey."

"I would there were just such a dish, grandfather," said the captain, "on every table in the land this day, and if I could have my way there would be."

"No, no, Charley," the grandfather answered, "it there should be, there would be. There is One who is wiser than you or I."

"It would make the man who would do it," suggested one, "immensely popular; he might get to be President of the United States."

"It would cost a large sum," remarked a merchant.

"Let us leave off considering imaginary turkeys, and discuss the one before us," said old Sylvester; "but I must first put a question, and if its answer with satisfaction, we'll proceed. Now, tell me, did any of you in all your travels ever fall in with anything grander than that thanksgiving turkey?"

This little bit of exuberant vanity having been gratified by the reply "It is a fine bird," the dinner proceeded and ended to the great satisfaction and enjoyment of all that had gathered together for the occasion, including a "fine holy" from the city, and accompanied by the invincible logic of black Mopsey.

# THE LADIES' CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY. IN HADDONFIELD.

Came off according to the Programme, as given in our last number, on the evenings of the 22d and 23rd October. It was a complete success—the attendance large—quite a number of persons coming from the various towns, villages and abodes of the surrounding neighborhood, and some from Camden and the City, all helping to swell the Haddonfield throng. The spacious audience room of the new unfinished Presbyterian church, in which the party met, was profusely decorated with the flag of the nation, and the tables presented a handsome display of flowers, cakes, etc. The room was crowded on the first evening, and well filled on the second, the audience remaining mostly upon their feet, there being but few benches or seats, and no room for them. A very large proportion of the ladies present were dressed in ancient or Lady Washington costume, thus giving uniqueness and variety to the scene.

There was an abundance of good things to gratify the palate and satisfy the appetite—chicken and lobster salad, oysters, biscuit, cakes, tea, coffee, ice cream, pine apple water-ice, jellies, fruit, etc. We noticed a large number of handsomely ornamented cakes, many of which had been presented to the ladies for the occasion.

The ladies acknowledge their indebtedness to Hon. Andrew K. Hay, president of the Camden and Atlantic R. R., for his very liberal donation of oysters.

The music, furnished by sixteen members of the Handel and Haydn Society, of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Prof. Carl Schütz, was a prominent feature of the first evening, and was of a high order. The two last choruses "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Star Spangled Banner," were simply grand, as might also be said of the first piece, "Strike the Cymbal." The performances on the cornet by Mr. Norheott were listened to with much delight; and Mr. White's "Holy Friar," and, as an encore, "The Unfortunate Man," created much merriment. The lady who sang several solos, did so under very disadvantageous circumstances—the constant buzz of conversation and shuffling of feet upon the floor by that portion of the audience moving about, prevented her from being distinctly heard, especially in the softer and more subdued passages. The unplastered sides and roof were also unfavorable to musical performances; but, nevertheless, their music was highly appreciated and heartily applauded.

There was some little delay in the musical department, as the piano, which was loaned by the Schomaker Piano Company, of Philadelphia, was so long in reaching the town, that apprehensions began to be felt that it would not come at all. But that there might be no disappointment, Col. Peyton offered the use of his piano, and arrangements were in progress to send it down, when word came that the instrument had arrived, the man having taken the wrong road, and came by the way of Woodbury!

A large flag hanging across the side walk, and a number of Chinese lamps among the trees in front of the church, produced a very pleasing and lively scene, especially in the evening, when the lamps were lighted.

This Tea Party was a great event for Haddonfield, than which a more notable one probably never took place in this old town since the day the hirling Hessians passed through it at the time of the battle of Red Bank. The first evening happened to be the anniversary of that celebrated battle; but the Ladies had no reference to this when they selected the time for their party. They were guided by other circumstances—the moonlight nights, the freedom from other uses by the church building, etc.

As before remarked, the whole affair was entirely successful, passing off without any noticeable unpleasant incident or accident, or unbattered feeling, as is sometimes the case at such gatherings. Everybody seems to have been pleased, and enjoyed themselves very delightfully. Such re-unions, independent of the objects for which they are devised, are commendable for their bringing together a large and pleasant assemblage of the people, both old and young, and tend to the breaking down of a certain degree of clannishness which more or less pervades most villages and towns, and to produce more general acquaintance and more congenial intercourse and kindness of feeling among all classes.

Rev. Mr. Newberry, pastor of the Presbyterian church, delivered an appropriate address of welcome to the audience on Thursday evening, the first evening of the party, as follows:

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**—The pleasant duty of extending to you greetings and congratulations on this happy occasion has been assigned to me. The nation has undertaken to rear a magnificent monument of gratitude for the boundless blessings and amazing progress of this land during the past century. A hundred years do therefore send you greetings through my lips to-night. A hundred years, with all their heroic histories, immortal memories, moral and material progress, and glorious promises, do wait upon the gladness of this hour. The exact scope and limit of this duty which I am to perform has not been explained to me, except in one particular: that is, I am expected to be very short. Now, it is difficult for a long man to make a short speech. Nevertheless, I shall seek to fulfill your expectations in this if I fail in all besides. But still, the question recurs to us, Welcome to what?—To this place of meeting? Yes, a cordial welcome from our heart of hearts. In the name of the trustees, who have cheerfully proffered the use of the church—in the name of that denomination of which we form a part—in the name of all denominations, and of Christianity itself, I bid you welcome.

Beautiful spectacle! A whole community, irrespective of religious differences or social distinctions, gathered around the altar of our common country, forgetting that we are anything except the sons and daughters of America. Welcome to what? To these scenes of glad festivity, to these tables heaped with delicious viands, the offerings of fair hands and patriotic hearts; to this place so beautifully decorated with the emblem of our nation's glory—where the banner of the cross intertwines with the banner of our country—in this double sanctuary of piety and patriotism. Yes, welcome to this and more. Welcome to the companionship of these worthy sons of America, and these fair daughters, too, who, in the language of a western orator, are decidedly in favor of the Union—*to a man*. [This little piece of wit was received with smiles and nods of approbation.]

Here, beneath the banner of our country, we gather to bring our offerings to that grand monument which the nation purposes to rear in commemoration of its hundredth birthday. Let us rear a palace to art and industry and a throne of liberty adorned with the trophies of peace and the tokens of prosperity. \* \* \* May we prove worthy of the deeds of our ancestors and perpetuate to the future the priceless heritage of the past. Ye worthy sons of noble sires, ye daughters fair of mothers beautiful, in the name of religion I welcome you to this place; in the name of the ladies who have prepared this abundant feast, I welcome you to the festivities of this hour; in the name of history, I welcome you to the priceless heritage of the heroic past; in the name of hope, I welcome you to the exalted privileges and responsibilities of the future. And to God be all the glory, both now and evermore.

Then followed "Strike the Cymbal," and other musical performances, at intervals, during the evening.

The tables were arranged and designated by Historic Events of the State, under the management of the following named ladies, in costume:

**TRENTON.**—Mrs. John H. Lippincott and Mrs. Isaac Nicholson: assisted by Misses Hay, Dudley, Snell and Lippincott.

**PRINCETON.**—Mrs. John Clement and Mrs. W. C. Shinn: assisted by Misses Porter, Ellis, Taylor, Burrough, Sheets, Vanderwelder and French.

**MOXMOOTH.**—Mrs. Wm. Henry Snowden and Mrs. John Lucas: assisted by Misses Michelson, Lucas, Wilkins, Snowden and Collins.

**RED BANK.**—Mrs. Josephine Wood and Mrs. John S. Doughty: assisted by Misses Shreve, G. Lippincott, M. C. Lippincott and Nicholson.

**HANCOCK'S BRIDGE.**—Mrs. Cooper, of Camden, and Mrs. Davis: assisted by Misses Stokes, Sheets and Shivers.

**FORT LEE.**—Mrs. Marshall Henzey and Mrs. Norman Tevis: assisted by Misses Appleton, Tevis and Albertson.

**Antique.**—(*Washington's Head Quarters at Morristown.*)—Miss Elizabeth E. Collins and Mrs. John A. J. Sheets: assisted by Misses Peyton, Clement, Shivers, and Colby.

**ORIENTAL WELL.**—From which Oriental Lemonade was dispensed by Miss Kittie L. Kay and Miss Clara Hillman in Oriental costume.

There was also a Table of Centennial Stock and silver and bronze Medals (struck by order of the Board of Finance), in charge of Mrs. Edw. Burrough. The receipts from the sales of these amounted to about \$90, all of which goes into the general fund of the Centennial.

There were a great many relics of the olden time exhibited, being both curious and interesting, the most of which are here named, with a short history of each one, so far as it could be obtained with any degree of reliable authenticity. Among them was—

A very fancy dress, worn by Miss Peyton. It is a fine blue silk skirt, elegantly quilted, and white silk overskirt, embroidered with flowers. The head was arranged as in the times of Louis XVI, with high comb and feather—the hair being elaborately pulled and powdered. This dress, it is said once belonged to a Miss Morrison, an actress, whose performances, Washington, when residing in Philadelphia, was induced occasionally to witness. The poor woman, as the story goes, incurred debt for board, which she was unable to pay, and so pledged this fine dress for it, and never redeemed it. More than 100 years old, and now owned by Miss E. E. Collins.

Miss Hannah Clement also wore an elaborate dress a century or more old; owned by Both these dresses show that a leading idea with the ladies of that age as now, was for showy habiliments and finery, including ruffles, ribbons and laces.

An ancient dress, with its "leg of mutton" sleeves, short waist, and scanty skirt, having been a wedding dress of one of the ancients—worn by Miss Lydia Stokes.

A cap worn by the grandmother of Mrs. McMurray, at the reception of Gen. Lafayette. This cap was of a peculiar style that none of the ladies seemed desirous of wearing it.

An elaborately ornamented fan, over 200 years old, owned by Priscilla Lippincott, having passed through six generations of ladies of that name.

Another fancy fan, 150 years old.

Long-handled fan, over 100 years old.

Ancient male attire, worn by Chas. Hillman, consisting of long green silk coat, ruffles at the wrist, and drab breeches and vest. Owned by J. O. Cuthbert, Sr.

Our young friend Sherrard also wore an old style dress, with cuffed hat, etc., said to have been worn in the British Parliament, in the last century.

A brown wedding coat, worn by the grandfather of Mrs. Nathan Lippincott.

Piece of sampler work, 252 years old. Owned by Miss Kittie Kay. This piece of work must have been tedious, and occupied much time, the figures and objects of which there is quite a large number, being raised. It is enclosed in a case.

Needle-work, representing Ruth and Boaz in the field. Owned by Mrs. J. O. Cuthbert, Jr.

Pin-cushion, one side made from a velvet coat worn by Washington; the other side from one of his general's coats. Owned by Mrs. M. H. Burrough.

Silk bed-quilt, made from court dresses, 225 years old. Owned by Misses Lee.

A needle cushion, made by Mary Butcher, in the city of London, during the plague in 1666—now the property of Miss Kittie L. Kay, the great, great, great grand daughter of the said Mary Butcher.

A needle-book made of a piece of one of Queen Anne's dresses, and given by her dress-maker, Mary Dent, to Keshiah Watson, of Philadelphia.

The first surplice made for the St. Mary's Church at Colestown, in 1771.

Specimen of silk produced and spun in or near Philadelphia, and woven in London in 1773, under the superintendence of Benjamin Franklin, while a resident there, who took a lively interest in an effort to make the silk culture a success. A vest was made from this piece of silk, and worn by Mr. Joseph H. Collins, on the occasion of his marriage. An original letter, written by Benjamin Franklin, was shown in connection with this relic. Also, a letter addressed to Franklin on the same subject at about the same time. The latter and the silk is owned by Miss E. E. Collins; Franklin's letter by Mr. Collins.

A pair of coarse linen breeches, about 18 inches in length, worn before the revolutionary war by John Clement, when quite a small boy, father of the present Judge John Clement. A boy with such a pair of breeches on at the present time, would attract more attention, probably, than would be agreeable.

Handkerchief, representing the death of Gen. George Washington. Owned by Mrs. Isaac H. Wood.

Table-ware, including a small basket, used by members of the first Congress in Philadelphia. Owned by Miss E. E. Collins.

Lot of Dresden-ware—cups, saucers and bowl—over 200 years old. Very small, and would have to be filled many times to satisfy modern tea or coffee drinkers. Owned by the Misses Lee.

Some of the first China-ware ever made in America—two pitchers. Owned by Mrs. Alfred W. Clement.

Silver porringer, ewer and can, buried for preservation during the revolutionary war; afterwards dug up.

A two-handled tea-pot, or urn, a relic 136 years old. Owned by J. O. Cuthbert, Sr.

Table-ware, very old, formerly used by Judge Blackwood.

A cup broken by the Hessians the day before the battle of Red Bank; then owned by Abigail Clement, now the property of Mrs. Sarah Hopkins.

A large pewter dish, about 18 inches in diameter, attracted attention from the fact that it came over with William Penn.

A number of old books and newspapers, deposited and owned by J. O. Cuthbert, Sr. Among them was a copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette, of Nov. 12, 1741, in a frame, and having on it the imprint of Benjamin Franklin, as printer and publisher.—The North Carolina Gazette of July 4, 1795. It was something of a puzzle to read the title of this paper, owing to the peculiar shape and arrangement of the letters.—Of the books, one was entitled "The Country Farmer," printed in 1600, in London, by Edmund Bollifant.—Another was the Journal of the First Session of the Senate of the United States, held in New York, March 4, 1789.

Bible of St. Mary's Church, Colestown; printed in 1683. Presented to the church in 1752, by Mrs. Elizabeth Jenny.

"Dawnings of the Gospel Day," by Francis Howgill. Printed in 1670.

Laws of New Jersey, by Samuel Nevill.

An old Dutch Bible, printed in 1629. Owned by Abraham Browning, Esq., of Camden.

Copy of the Pennsylvania Magazine of July, 1776, containing the first publication of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of New Jersey. Owned by John Clement.

Book of Antographs. Same owner.

Almanac of 1697. Owned by the Misses Lee.

Copy of the "True American" newspaper of July 18, 1803. Deposited by Joseph Shreve, M. D.

Copy of Psalms and Church Service, printed in 1561. Owned by Misses Lee.

Copy of the Declaration of Independence. Very old. Deposited by Mrs. Murray, a descendant of John Hart, one of the signers of that document.

Certificate of authority appointing Anthony Cuthbert to be captain of a Penn's Artillery Company, in 1780. (Timothy Matlack, a native of Haddonfield, was Secretary of Congress at that time.)

Articles of the Friendship Fire Company in Haddonfield, 1764, (being the original charter of the first fire company in this place.) Formerly owned by John Ward. Presented by Geo. M. Ward, to John Clement.

Daguerrotype of Capt. James B. Cooper, late of the U. S. N., when he was 93 years of age. Owned by John Redfield. Pronounced an excellent likeness.

An elaborate piece of wax-work from a descriptive scene in Homer's Iliad, Book 1st, representing Achilles sitting in his tent, mourning the loss of Briseis, to whom he was much attached. It was made by Abigail Harrison, in the 17th year of her age, in 1768. It is contained in a case about two feet wide and high, and one deep. Owned by Miss E. E. Collins.

A box made from Penn's Treaty Tree, under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians of Pennsylvania. Owned by Dr. Williams.

Paper knife made from some timber of the old Potlick church, Virginia, in which General Washington worshipped. Owned by John Redfield.

A Cane, made in 1742, for or by Joseph Shreve, of Mansfield, Burlington county, N. J., a son of Caleb Shreve, who emigrated from England in or about 1656. It has descended down through the Joseph Shreves, and is now owned by the fifth Joseph.—Dr. Joseph Shreve, of Haddonfield.

Clock 120 years old. Owned by Wm. Curtis Taylor.

A very unpretending wooden wash-stand with pewter basin was an object of curiosity as having been used by Washington, in the latter part of his life, after his return to Mount Vernon. Owned by John Redfield.

Part of a set of pewter, formerly used by James Logan, of Philadelphia. Deposited by Horace Smith, Esq.

A balance or fly wheel of the first steamboat launched by John Fitch, at Philadelphia, July 26, 1786—twenty years before Fulton's time. It would be considered a very diminutive affair at the present time, as a balance wheel for a steamboat, being about four feet in diameter and weighing 30 or 40 pounds. Owned by J. O. Cuthbert, Sr.

Barrel of an old gun, said to have been carried and used by Capt. W. Fennimore, and that the bullet that killed Count Dunois, the Hessian General, was fired from this old gun-barrel by the said Capt. Fennimore. It don't look like a very formidable instrument in its present dilapidated condition, and there are some doubts as to the correctness of some portion of this statement, but we give it as we received it. Our witty friend (we decline to give his name at present) inquires whether it might not have been a Dunois shoot! Awful!

A sword carried by Anthony Cuthbert, as Lieut. 6th Co. Pa. Artillery, 1775 to 1780, and as Captain, from 1780 to 1785. Used at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and other engagements. [Happy day when all swords and other implements of warfare shall be beaten into plough-shares, pruning-hooks, and other useful tools.]

Another sword, carried in the revolutionary war and in the war of 1812.

Quite a pile of Continental money was on hand and for sale. Deposited by J. O. Cuthbert, Sr.

Contents of a canister, dug up at Red Bank, consisting of a variety of bullets, grape shot, etc. Owned by John Redfield.

On the platform was a small cannon which had been dug up in the vicinity of the battle-field of Red Bank.

Indian relic. Owned by John Redfield.

An ante-diluvian oyster-shell. This shell is some 4 or 5 inches thick, and about the same in diameter.—Dug out of a marl-bed.

The general managers for Haddonfield were Mrs. John H. Lippincott and Mrs. Joshua P. Browning.

The manager for the County, Mrs. Edward R. Slubrick, of Camden, N. J.

For the State at large, Mrs. William L. Dayton, of Trenton, N. J.

The amount realized over all expenses, and handed over to the proper authorities, was \$331.50, which we believe exceeds the amount realized by the Camden celebration by about \$30.

The lady managers feel themselves indebted to John Clement, John H. Lippincott, Jesse E. Peyton, I. W. Nicholson, Henry Alexander, Nathan Lippincott, David D. Middleton, and other gentlemen, for efficient aid rendered them in carrying the affair through so successfully; but these gentlemen, with their innate modesty and gallantry, give all the credit to the well-directed efforts of the ladies.

The ladies also desire to express their appreciation of the valuable services of Lemuel Snowdon, Samuel C. Wood and Dr. Henflings, in arranging and putting up the decorations of the room, which was done with so much good taste as to elicit many favorable remarks.

At a meeting of the ladies, a resolution was passed, tendering their thanks to Prof. CARL SENTZ, and, through him, to members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Philadelphia, and to Mr. Norblent, for their highly appreciated music on the first evening of the party, which added so much to the gratification of those present, and formed one of the principal attractions.

The West Jersey Press says: Mrs. Slubrick, and her corps of associates, seem admirably fitted for the work in which they are engaged, and the least the people can do to express their appreciation and esteem, is to attend every succeeding entertainment for the benefit of the Camden county branch of the Women's Centennial Committee of the State of New Jersey.

## THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, November 17, 1874.

In our next number we hope to give a greater variety of reading matter. This number, as will be perceived, is taken up largely with Centennial matters. We have done the best we could to give a full and correct report of the affair, including the ancient relics, etc. There will doubtless be found some errors and omissions, as it was difficult in some cases to obtain correct information. We are indebted to Mrs. John A. J. Sheets and Miss Elizabeth E. Collins for many interesting items obtained at the antique table.

The Thanksgiving sermon for Haddonfield this year falls to the lot of Rev. Mr. Young, of the Baptist church, and will be preached in the Methodist church.

President Grant has issued his Proclamation for a general or National Thanksgiving-day on Thursday, the 26th inst., and recommends the "laying aside all political contentions and secular occupations, to observe such day as a day of rest, thanksgiving and prayer."

The subject of having our town incorporated is again under discussion by some of the residents. Are the people ready for such a movement? Let them give the matter their thoughtful attention and examination.

The Masonic Fraternity met in their hall on Tuesday evening, 10th inst., for social intercourse, and to partake of a bountiful supper which had been provided for the occasion. We are informed that the time was spent very agreeably, and in much good fellowship.

The Knights of Pythias listened to a lecture from Jacob Mulford, Esq., on the evening of the 10th inst. The subject was the "Original History of Damon and Pythias," and was highly interesting, listened to with much enjoyment, and gave great satisfaction.

**ELECTION MATTERS.**—We have seen no intelligible account of the late election in this State, except Camden county, which gave Republican majorities, electing Jacob C. Daubmann, their candidate for sheriff, and the coroners. But the Democrats elected their governor, Judge Bedle, and pretty nearly all their congressmen and assemblymen. A most wonderful result of this election is, that nearly everybody of all parties seems to be satisfied, and hope for the best.

On stepping out the door early on the morning of the day of the election, there seemed to be a great commotion in the neighborhood, resembling somewhat the distant roar of the sea or a hurricane rushing through a forest. On listening, however, we discovered that the sound came from an assemblage of crows "that no man might number." They were having a grand palaver; but whether they were discussing the perilous or unsafe condition of the country in case this or that party should prove successful, or the high price of grain, or their winter prospects, we are unable to say, as we had no reporter among them; and even if such had been the case, it is doubtful whether he could have given any intelligible account of the proceedings, for, like a great many meetings of their fellow-creatures who claim to be of a much higher intellectual grade, their council must have been one of "confusion worse confounded," every one roaring at the top of his voice in urging his great and useful services to the community as a reason why he should have the highest limb on the tree, or the "fattest" place in the cornfield.

Entering the railroad ticket-office on the day of election, we casually inquired how the election was going. "All right," replied our witty friend R., "we are selling tickets at 25 cents a-piece."

**NEW PARTNERSHIP.**—Our young friend, John Gill Willis, has associated himself with James Flinn, manufacturer of white lead, paints, &c., and they will carry on the business under the firm of Flinn & Willis. They call especial attention to their green paint, as a superior article. We wish them much success. P. O. address, Box 44, Haddonfield, N. J.

**TOWN HALL.**—Next to lights and good side walks, Haddonfield needs an improved Town Hall, suitable for lectures, concerts, fairs, etc. As one evidence of this, we may refer to the late Centennial demonstration. If it had not been that the main room of the Presbyterian church happened to be in an unfinished state, there would have been no suitable place in the town for so large a gathering. If ever we should have a respectable hall, we trust one of the regulations will be the prohibition of smoking in it, strictly enforced. We can't help but think that it is a species of ill manners to go into a meeting and smoke, to the annoyance of those who do not smoke, and to whom the fumes of tobacco are offensive. At a late election, one of the officers was taken ill and had to leave his post, attributable to being a long time enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, and forced to inhale its poisonous perfume.

**AMASA MAY,** a former resident of Haddonfield, died recently in New York, as we understand, of dysphenteria. He will be remembered as an active participant in our public school matters a few years ago.

## MARRIED.

On the 11th Oct., at the M. F. Parsonage, Haddonfield, N. J., by Rev. J. Stiles, Mr. Edwin F. Podg, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sallie A. Abney, of Haddonfield.

On the 31st Oct., in Haddonfield, by the same, Mr. Joseph Dodd and Mrs. Rachel Shim, both of Haddonfield. On Thursday evening, Oct. 23rd, at the residence of the bride's grandparents, in Moorestown, N. J., by Rev. J. H. Brittain, Mr. Warren E. Brown, of Philadelphia, to Alice A. Prichett, both formerly of Haddonfield.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 13th, in Camden, by Rev. A. H. Lang, Daniel C. King, of Haddonfield, to Annie L. Rogers, of Kirkwood, N. J.

## DIED.

Near Haddonfield, on the 22d Oct., Judge Joseph C. Sheffield, Sr., in the 79th year of his age. He had held several important public positions in Camden county, and his funeral was largely attended. He was buried in the Methodist E. Church cemetery in Haddonfield, of which Church he had been a member many years.

On the 22d Oct., Joseph Burroughs, aged 75 years. He was a native and well known resident and descendant of one of the earliest families of Haddonfield, and held in good esteem as a man and citizen.

On the 29th Oct., at Berlin, James S. Hugy, in the 36th year of his age.

Hon. Alexander G. Cuttill, of Merchantville, has been appointed by the President to go to Europe for the purpose of aiding in negotiating the new funding bonds of the U. S.

Rev. John Scarborough, D. D., of Pittsburg, has been elected Bishop of the new Episcopal diocese of South New Jersey. As a pastor and christian gentleman, as well as his administrative and executive ability, he is highly spoken of.

At the late annual election of officers of the Camden and Atlantic R. R., the old board of directors was unanimously re-elected. Andrew K. Hay was also re-elected president, and D. M. Zimmerman sec'y and treasurer.

Mahlon Vonbosekirk, has been fined \$100 and costs for infringement of the local option law of Haddon township. He keeps what is called the "Half-way House."

The *West Jersey Pioneer*, Bridgeton, has been sold by the widow of the late Jas. B. Ferguson to Messrs. McCowan & Nicholls.

Atlantic City has no place to bury the dead. They are taken to the main land for burial.

Bridgeton is to have a grand Centennial Tea Party on the 26th and 27th inst.,—in the railroad depot.

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